THE DAILY STAR

TUESDAY............... AUGUST 10

THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER.

THE DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

THE Boston Globe indignantly repels the insult of being called an organ.

WE were not suffering for rain when the last storm came, and were inclined to mutter; but in New England, where it also this time extended, it was productive of positive good. It came as a refreshment to low water-courses and thirsty vegetation, and was a welcome boon to farmer and manufacturer.

POSTMASTER GENERAL JEWELL is the only Cabinet officer in Washington. The Postmaster General has a way of remaining on the ground and giving attention strictly to the workings of the Department over which he presides. This is the way he managed his own business down in Connecticut, and he made pretty much of a success of it.

FORT GIBSON advices state that the election in the Cherokee Nation passed off quietly, and that Ross is probably elected Chief for four years. The electioneering had been so active and there was so much feeling in the matter that it was expected that rioting and bloodshed would be indulged in most freely. The Indians, however, conducted themselves so quietly, indulged in so little ballot-box stuffing, repeating, challenging votes, voting at different places and other customs of an enlightened exercise of the elective franchise as almost convinced their Arkansas neighbors that they were relapsing into barbarism.

WE are satisfied of the importance of keeping an eye on Philadelphia. We shudder when we think what the people of that large country village are capable of. For instance, by a transposition of ideas by no means impossible under the circumstances, and a careless proof-reader, they might readily convert their centennial affair next year into a ten-cent-ial show—that we should all feel ashamed of the moment we learned that Queen Victoria and Mrs. Buonaparte had dropped in to look at the wax figures and things. We must frown down everything of the Cheap John order in the arrangement of that circus, even if we have to adjourn our Exposition over for a year and lend some of our best things to them in order to make Philadelphia look respectable in 1876.

EVEN the Colorado potato bug has succeeded in making himself useful. In many of the counties on the Hudson a plant known as horse nettle (solanum carolinense), one of the worst weeds ever endured, is in some places literally running away with the fields, covering them to such an extent as to completely kill off the grass. The plant was introduced by Humphrey Marshall, in his botanical gardens at Marshalltown, where it has extended to the surrounding country. As illustrative of its tenacity one farmer writes: "On my own property is a small patch, never over 10 feet square, that I have constantly watched for some eight years, never suffering a plant to go to seed, but dug up and destroyed every root that I could find during that time, without yet succeeding in entirely destroying them." This plant seems to be a treat to the potato bug, more enticing than the potato top itself. They attack it with more energy than does the farmer, and so constant and vigorous are their assaults on it, that whole fields are giving way before them, and the land owners hail the appearance of the bug as a blessing, being willing to sacrifice the potatoes to the advantage of having the obnoxious weed rooted out.

THE result of the recent trial of Col. Baker for offering insult and violence to a young lady on an English railway car will no doubt be very gratifying, so far as it goes, to the class of people whose representatives in the newspapers of this country thundered forth so loudly against the English railway system on the announcement of that affair. Col. Baker's sentence of twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand pounds, is undoubtedly a just one; but, according to this class of writers, the fine against the railway system of England should be at least ten times as heavy in proportion, and the railroad companies forced to adopt the American system. No sooner had the affair been announced than it was taken as a text for several hundred self-complacent editorials upon the wretchedness of the English railway car system, and the infinite superiority of the American cars and of American Institutions in general over those of England. This custom, which is too prevalent in America, of crying out against English institutions and English customs on every occasion possible, and of holding up those of America as infinitely superior, is, to say the least, in eminently bad taste and thoroughly fitted to bring the average American writer, and through him the whole American people, into contempt among the intelligent people of the world at large. A large class of our people are given on all occasions to parading our institutions in every possible light as greatly surpassing those of the mother country, and in very many cases their zeal in this regard leads to a display of ignorance and egotism which is disgraceful both to the parties immediately concerned and to the whole country. The English railway passenger cars may be inferior to our own, but they seem to satisfy the English people who are accustomed to them, and the probability is that were they an American institution the very class of people who denounce them would pronounce the snug little coaches, in which a family party may travel in quiet and seclusion, as much superior to our monster cosmopolitan cars as a private parlor at a hotel is superior to the general sitting-room. However, be the comparative merits of English and American cars as they may, the custom too prevalent in America of crying down everything English in its style or origin is in very bad taste, and displays an ungenerous and narrow spirit which is by no means an honor to our people. There are many customs of our mother country from which we have departed, some of which we might perhaps have profitably retained. There are many of those adopted by us which might have with propriety been avoided. Perhaps, on the whole, our customs and institutions may seem to us somewhat superior to those of our friends across the water, but that is no reason for egotistical boasting. Our ignorance of the real merits of the other side frequently leads to erroneous conclusions and disgraceful and ridiculous error. True, the English, as a class, are troubled with the same weakness regarding American customs, but this only shows that our judgment is not infallible in all things, and likewise illustrates to us the ridiculous light in which we frequently place ourselves in criticising those things of their country with which we are not pleased. The American people should be above petty criticism and fault finding regarding the affairs of our neighbors, and should discard the system of odious and egotistical comparisons and snobbish prudery as unworthy of a great nation.

Court Cullings.

In the Probate Court yesterday Richard Kohlbrand was appointed administrator of the estate of F. G. Kohlbrand. Personalty, $300.

J. K. Skelton and John P. Skelton were appointed executors of the will of Elizabeth Skelton. Estate, $30,000.

John Hagerty was appointed administrator of James McLaughlin. Personalty, $345.

Patrick Keane was appointed administrator of Martin Keane. Personalty, $120.

H. Eckenroth & Co., dealers in hair goods, at 188 and 190 Fifth street, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors to Elijah Newman and Isaac Simon. Bond, $25,000.

The following cases were entered yesterday in Common Pleas:

46,759—Isaac Frankenburg vs. Samuel Hess.

46760—Isaac Frankenburg vs. Samuel Hess.

46,761—Henry Wells vs. D. Heaton & Co.

46,762—Frederick Lettman vs. Ferdinand Witte, jr.

46,763—Mary J. Chacksfield vs. Geo. F. Chacksfield.

46,765—Henry Schneider vs. Philip Herber.

Carrie Campbell yesterday submitted a suit before Judge Avery against Mary M. Taylor to recover the possession of a dress which defendant held for charges for making it and for other indebtedness. On the trial the plaintiff failed to appear. The jury returned a verdict for defendant, and assessed her damages at $29.95.

Ursula J. Conat instituted a suit as administrator of Geo. E. Avery against H. C. Lord to recover $10,000 on a note made by the defendant to Geo. E. Avery in January, 1869. The note drew eight per cent. interest. The defense claimed that there was usury, the note having been made before the law of 1869, allowing eight per cent. interest on contracts, went into operation. The defendant did not appear when the case was tried. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for $13,816.

Fred. Gronewig submitted a suit against Casper Westmeier, to recover for groceries amounting to $305. The plaintiff sold these groceries to one Brown, and took a note for the same from the defendant made payable to Brown. Before taking the note plaintiff went to defendant and inquired as to the note. Defendant told him it was all right and would be paid at maturity. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for $375.

Benjamin Piening, a saloon-keeper on Court street, was arraigned before Commissioner Hooper, yesterday, charged with selling liquor without paying the special tax. On payment of the tax due, the penalty and costs of suit, the case against him was dismissed.

How They Are Burdened in New York.

The population of the city, as shown by the census just taken, may be set down at one million one hundred thousand. The returns by Assembly districts were published in the Herald on Sunday last, showing a total of one million and twenty-six thousand, which will probably increase the footing to the figures we have named. By the report of the Commissioner of Accounts the gross city debt on June 30 last was, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty-seven million dollars; and if we deduct from this the amount in the sinking fund—twenty-eight million dollars—the net debt on that day was one hundred and twenty-nine million dollars. The total amount required for the expenses of the city government this year, after deducting eight hundred thousand dollars for one half the Fourth avenue improvement tax, "bridged over" by Comptroller Green until next year, exceeds thirty-six million dollars. We have, therefore, the following result:

Amount of net debt	$129,000,000
Total final estimate for 1875	36,000,000
Present net debt and cost of our city government for 1875	$165,000,000

On the basis of one million one hundred thousand of population the debt we now owe and the annual expense of the city government average one hundred and fifty dollars to each inhabitant. This is largely in excess of the burden borne by any other city. In Brooklyn the total tax and debt per head of population is about ninety dollars and in Buffalo about sixty dollars. But we have, in addition, in New York, a heavy floating debt, a large portion of which must be eventually paid by the city, besides some seven million dollars in claims pending in the courts and a deficiency of about ten millions in the treasury, which is "bridged over" from year to year principally through the unauthorized use of money raised on revenue bonds. These liabilities probably increase our real indebtedness twenty-seven millions and a half dollars, swelling the real amount of debt and yearly expenses to the total of one hundred and seventy-five dollars per head. The facts are worthy the attention of our property owners, upon whom the real burden must fall.—N. Y. Herald.

Tansy for Bots in Horses.

A correspondent of the Department of Agriculture says: It appears from remarks by different writers that none know of any certain remedy. I know of a remedy that is safe and certain, discovered in the following way: About thirty years ago a friend lost by bots a very fine horse. He took from the stomach of the dead horse about a gill of bots and brought them to my office to experiment upon. He made preparations of every remedy he had heard of, and put some into each. Most had no effect, a few affected them slightly, but sage tea more than anything else; that killed them in fifteen hours.

He concluded that he would kill them by using nitric acid, but it had no more effect on them than water; the third day they were as lively as when put in. A bunch of tansy was growing by my office. He took a handful of that, bruised it, added a little water, squeezed out the juice and put some on; they were dead in one minute. Since that I have given it to every horse I have seen affected with bots, and have never known it to fail of giving entire relief. My friend had another horse affected with bots, several years later. He gave him the tansy in the morning and a dose of salts in the evening; the next morning he took up from the excretions three half-pints of bots.

What Is High Farming.

An American farmer of note, after visiting England and examining with the critical eye of a practical and experienced agriculturist, the system pursued there, says: I am thoroughly confirmed in my old faith that the only good farmer of our future is to be the "high farmer." There is a widely prevailing antipathy among the common farmers of our country against the practice of high farming and against the use of the phrase by agricultural writers. This is all wrong, and should be at once corrected. Through some misconception of the meaning of the phrase, and also of its application, they have to believe it synonymous with theoretical "book farming," "new fangled notions," boasted progress, followed by disappointment and final failure.

This is all an error. High farming simply means thorough cultivation, liberal manuring, bountiful crops, good feed, and paying profits therefrom. It is not strange that misconceptions have arisen in the minds of doubting farmers who have been eye witnesses to some of the spread eagle experiments of enthusiastic farmers, better supplied with money obtained in a business they knew how to manage than with practical experience on the farm. Bountiful crops and paying profits, of course, are what farmers who are depending upon the farm for an income, are striving to obtain; and every year as it passes is reconfirming the opinion that profits are small, and will grow beautifully less where high farming is not practiced.

Cut Feed For Horses.

An accurate farmer has furnished the Country Gentleman a statement of his experiment with feeding cut fed and meal to his horses, accompanied with weighing and measuring. He cuts oats and straw about an inch long with a raw-hide cylinder machine; and this chopped straw is then treated with corn-meal and bran, mixed in about equal quantities as to weight, so that each horse has about a bushel of cut feed and three quarts of the meal and bran twice in each day. Sometimes hay is cut instead of oat-straw or both are mixed.

It is found that two hundred pounds per week of this mixture of corn-meal and bran, added to the cut feed, will keep a pair of working horses in the best condition. This, he is satisfied from experiment, is less than two-thirds the cost of keeping them on uncut dry and whole grain. The cornmeal alone is not so good for horses as when mixed with bran. An excellent meal is made of ground oats. The fodder is cut by horse power, on stormy or spare days, and stored in large bins, so as to furnish always surplus on hand.

Watering Trees.

As a general rule, watering young trees in summer does more harm than good, by crusting the surface, without reaching the roots; and even if the roots are reached, the relief is only temporary, unless the watering is regularly repeated. There is a great want of appreciation of the amount of water required for trees by those who apply this remedy. A young tree four or five feet high, if growing well, soon throws out roots several feet on each side. If these roots are only three feet long, the circle of roots will be six feet in diameter, and at the depth of only one foot there would be no less than twenty-seven cubic feet of earth to saturate with water, requiring for one-fourth the bulk nearly one hogshead for a single watering. It is true that a young tree just set out may have had its roots cut much shorter, but as new ones are to be quickly thrown out into the soil as it commences growth, a narrow watering will do but little good. Clean mellow culture is better than all the watering that can be given—or wide and heavy mulching if cultivation is impracticable.—Country Gentleman.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Italian Government has been engaged for several years in suppressing monasteries and other religious establishments in Italy, it has uniformly proceeded with the utmost circumspection, and has not molested a single society which was of any public advantage or whose members were engaged in a useful or charitable work. Quite recently the French Minister at Rome succeeded in saving a number of religious houses which had been tabooed, and were about to be seized. They had been founded and endowed by French people, and were consequently spared. This fact speaks much for the caution and discretion of the Italian Government, and goes far to redeem it from the imputations hasty and thoughtless persons have heaped upon its recent course.—Globe-Democrat.

Persistent.

There is an old story about a man who bet ten dollars that he could throw another across the Erie Canal. On the first trial the victim of this bet was dropped into the water, about ten feet from the bank. He managed to get out, however, and, vigorously shaking himself, claimed the ten dollars. "No," replied the challenger, "I mean to keep at this till I succeed, if it takes me all day." A correspondent suggests that this affords a good illustration of the persistency of the plaintiff in giving notice of a new trial of Mr. Beecher.—N. Y. Mail.

At a recent meeting of the New York Board of Health the reports showed that the number of deaths of children under five years of age during July had advanced with extraordinary rapidity. It was calculated that the infant deaths for that month would make the astonishing number of 2,500. As there are now over 122,000 children under the age of five within the limits of New York city, the four weeks of July are likely to cost the lives of two per cent. of children in New York. Up to July 24th from May 22d there had been 1,002 cases of small-pox in the city from which there had been over seven hundred deaths. The Board voted to continue the services of the vaccinating corps through August and possibly September.

AUGUST DAY.

These are the soft delicious August days,
Which so enwrap themselves in tender haze,
And peeping thro' the mist with dreamful eyes,
Turn golden 'neath the glow of August skies.
The passing breeze stops lazily to play
With every leaf and flower on its way,
Borrows the perfume from its playmates sweet,
Then dies, to make the August day complete.

I rest me idly 'neath the branches spread
Like strong protecting arms above my head,
While memory paints a picture fair to see,
And sings an old-time melody to me—
Only a song which tells of love and truth,
In days when all things blossomed bright for youth,
When timid hearts, by tell-tale eyes betrayed,
Grew bold at last, and earth a heaven made.

And then, ah me! as if but yesterday,
Our parted lives went each its chosen way.
I see the pale, grave face, the saddened eyes
Tear-dimmed, yet blue as were the happy skies.
I hear the voice, low-toned with grief suppressed,
I hear a long-drawn sigh which shook her breast.
And ah! I feel again the weight of woe
Which hid my Summer under Winter's snow.

And so we parted; and the after years
Made up of sunshine, shadow, joy, and tears,
Have healed our wounds, as years, we know, can heal
The bitterest sorrow human hearts can feel.
She has forgotten that past Summer time,
When love and truth kept up their merry chime,
And I—I love but these dear August days,
Which fold me close within their dreamy haze.

STORY OF A WILL.

"Thrown off his horse and killed!" I read, in the weekly paper just issued, as I sat in my law-office one morning in Wellington, the county seat of a certain Franklin county.

It was on Thursday morning, in September; and the paragraph went on to say that on Wednesday morning Stephen Edwards, a wealthy old farmer, who had lived near a place called the Cross Roads, three or four miles from Wellington, was found dead on the road, within half a mile of his house, and that appearances indicated that he had been thrown from his horse and killed on Tuesday night, while on his way home from the latter place.

"Why, I declare!" I said to myself; "it was only the day before yesterday that I wrote his will, and it was signed and witnessed here in my office. How singular! Killed that very night!"

Mr. Edwards was a somewhat singular man. I knew that he changed his mind often, for I had drawn several wills for him. In this last one, which I now remembered he very emphatically declared should be the last, he had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to a dissipated nephew, Ross Edwards, reserving barely enough for his only daughter to make the will valid. He did not tell me why, and it was no part of my business to ask him; although, knowing the family well, I had wondered at it.

I had scarcely finished reading the paragraph relating to the accident, when Mr. Brush, the constable, stepped in. He was not a very learned man, was very excitable, and entertained a keen sense of the solemnity of his duties as an officer.

"Have you heard about Edwards?" he asked.

"I have just read of it," I replied. "It is a sad thing."

"Well, there is a suspicion of something wrong about it."

"Ah! How so?" I asked.

"You drew his will, didn't you?"

"In favor of Ross?"

"Yes."

"I did. What's wrong about it?"

"Why, his daughter Lucy has come into town this morning, and got a warrant out to arrest her cousin Ross, on suspicion of murder. She says he knew that the will was to be made in his favor that day, and as the old man had changed his mind so often, and might do it again, she believes that he waylaid and murdered him, so as to make sure of the property. You know Ross is called a hard case. It's suspicious."

"It looks bad," I replied.

"It does so. Well, I have the warrant for his arrest, and I am going to ride out to the Cross-Roads and get him. Will you go along? You are a lawyer, and I would like you to go along. You might notice things that I wouldn't."

"Yes, I'll go with you," I said. "Wait just a minute."

I had a horse which I soon saddled and bridled, and in a few minutes Mr. Brush and I were galloping away over the country toward the Cross-Roads, a place that aspired to be a village, on account of its having a post-office, grocery store, and three or four dwelling-houses.

"By-the-way," said the constable, as he rode along, "did Edwards leave his will in your care?"

"No, he took it with him. "Was it found in his pocket?"

"I didn't ask the girl, but we'll know when we get there. He won't be buried till an investigation is made. The coroner is coming out to-day."

We learned on the way that Ross Edwards made his quarters at the Cross-roads tavern, and when we arrived in front of the little two-story building, we saw him sitting on the porch reading the county newspaper. He did not seem to notice us dismounting, and we had secured our horses at the hitching-post and stepped upon the piazza before he was aware of our presence.

"Ross Edwards," said Mr. Brush, in a very impressive tone, as he laid his hand on the startled man's shoulder, "I arrest you for the murder of your uncle, Stephen Edwards, whom you waylaid on Tuesday night, and knocked from his horse with a club, to secure the immediate benefit of his will."

Grave as the occasion was, I could scarcely keep from smiling at this pompous speech, which I think Mr. Brush had mentally prepared and committed to memory on the way. It was the first time he had ever been called upon to arrest a man on a charge of murder, and he evidently intended to make the most of it.

Ross Edwards looked up into the constable's face, then at me, with apparent surprise; after which he turned very pale, and seemed trying to speak, though unable to utter a word.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Brush, in a less official tone, "and I hope the charge may prove false; but I must do my duty. Your cousin Lucy has made the complaint, and got the warrant out. Here it is." And he began to read—"Commonwealth of—"

"Never mind reading it," interrupted Ross Edwards, recovering his self-possession and speaking very calmly. "I know what a warrant is, and I know you are the constable. I will go with you at once; but rest assured that there is some mistake about this."

He arose and put on his hat as he spoke.

"I hope it will turn out so," said Mr. Brush.

"Ross," said I—for I had often addressed him by his first name—"do you happen to know that your uncle made a will in your favor?"

"No," he replied, coolly.

"You don't?"

"No, I don't *know* that he did so. He told me a few days ago that he would. He had a quarrel with Lucy, who has a violent temper, and he said that I should be his heir. He told me that she did not treat him with either affection or respect, and he was determined that she should not become wealthy at his death—that she did not deserve it. That's all I know about it."

"Then you don't know that he made a will?"

"No, I never saw him alive after that—Tuesday morning, I think."

When the coroner arrived, we proceeded to Edwards' house, where the usual inquest was held.

The country physician testified that death had resulted from a fracture of the skull, with some blunt instrument.

A neighbor—one of two men who found the body—testified that he found near by a round stone, of three pounds weight, stained with blood.

I testified concerning the will.

Ross Edwards again admitted that his uncle had told him he would make such a will; that he knew he often changed his mind; yet denied that he had any knowledge of the murder.

"Where were you during the early part of Tuesday night?" asked the coroner, eyeing him sharply.

"Let me see. I took a walk across the fields to the river and had a swim. I got back by nine, I think."

"Did you meet any one on your way to the river or coming back?"

"Not a soul."

The verdict of the coroner's jury was unfavorable to Ross Edwards, and he was taken to Wellington, briefly examined by a magistrate, and committed to jail.

I remained behind to see if any new facts could be learned, and it is singular that the constable and coroner, with their prisoner, had been gone half an hour before I thought of the will. Then I sought the two countrymen who had discovered the body of Mr. Edwards, and asked:

"Were there any indications that he had been robbed?"

"Yes," they both replied. "The pockets were turned wrong side out."

"What! Was the inside pocket of his coat turned wrong side out?"

"Yes, and a little memorandum-book lay on the ground, nearly covered with dust."

"Did you see anything that looked like a will—a good-sized paper?"

"No, nothing but the memorandum-book. It had a little money inside. We handed it over to Lucy, just as we found it."

Here was a new and singular feature of the case. Where was the will? Had Ross Edwards been so stupid as to take it with him after committing the murder, to make sure of it? If so, he could probably be found in the room he occupied at the tavern, or even on his person, and that would be a piece of evidence that would establish his guilt beyond all doubt.

"Ah, how short-sighted men are when they commit crime," I mused. "Even the shrewdest of criminals are sure to leave some clue."

I hastened back to Wellington, and found Mr. Brush.

"Did you search him?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "I took all his effects—knife, pipe, tobacco and a pocket-book with fifteen dollars and twenty cents in it."

"Nothing in the shape of a will?"

"No."

"Had he any opportunity to throw anything away after his arrest?"

"No, I'm certain of that. I watched him like a cat."

"Then get a search-warrant and we will go out to the Cross-Roads and take a look at his room in the tavern."

This was done at once, and we went to the Cross-Roads that afternoon, when we made a careful examination of Ross Edwards' room, and everything in it. No will was found, nor did any of his clothes show marks of blood.

"He must have more cunning than I gave him credit for," I remarked to Mr. Brush, as we mounted our horses to ride back to Wellington. "Where can that will be?"

Within a month the county court was in session, and Ross Edwards was tried for murder. Yes, and to the astonishment and indignation of everybody, he was acquitted. Not because even the jury believed him innocent, but because the evidence against him was not conclusive.

"He is the luckiest murderer I ever heard of," I said to several brother attorneys, and they all agreed with me.

Not long after Ross Edwards was set at liberty, the daughter of the murdered man called on me and said she desired to contest the will, and would place the case in my hands. She stated that her father was probably not in his right mind when he made his will; that he often had peevish spells; that he frequently flew into a passion about nothing; and that she had done nothing whatever to offend him on the morning that he started for Wellington, with the avowed intention of making a will that would disinherit her.

Lucy was a rather handsome young lady, not over twenty-two, with black eyes and a clear complexion. Her manner was candid and earnest, and I was soon convinced that if her father had not been deranged she at least believed him to be so, and I readily agreed to take the case. We were in consultation half an hour in reference to what witnesses might be summoned to testify to the old man's eccentricities of character, and she had risen to go, when I said:

"Why, how forgetful I have been! Unless the will is produced, there is no use contesting it."

"Why, I have it!" she replied.

To my astonishment, she deliberately drew from her pocket and handed to me a legal paper, which I immediately recognized as the missing will.

"Where did you get this?" I asked, almost with vehemence.

A puzzled look came over her face—a flush—then she turned deathly pale.

"Where did you get this?" I again demanded, as a fearful thought flashed across my brain.

She tottered a few steps, sank trembling into a chair, and covering her livid face with her hands, ejaculated:

"Merciful heaven! What have I done?"

"What have you done?" I echoed, with some severity. "I'll tell you, girl. *You have murdered your father!*"

"No, no, I haven't!" she said frantically, while she clasped her hands and looked up imploringly into my face. "Oh, I didn't kill him! Spare me! Save me!"

"Spare you! Save you! Why?"

She dropped her face upon her hands, and was silent.

"Answer me, girl!" I said, sternly. "Did your cousin Ross kill your father? Speak the truth!"

"No!" she replied, beginning to cry.

"Then *you* did!"

"No, no, no!" she wailed, piteously.

"At least, you know who did?"

"No one did; he was thrown from his horse."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it."

"You saw him thrown from his horse and killed?"

"Yes."

What mystery was here? Was the girl crazy? No, that could not be, for why was she so frightened? and above all, how came she in possession of the will?

"Why did you try to have Ross hanged for murder?" I asked.

"Because I hated him."

"How came you to see your father thrown from his horse?"

Here she burst into a perfect convulsion of sobs and tears, and after a few seconds regained control of her voice so as to say:

"Oh, I'll tell you all! I might as well now. But they won't hang me for that, will they?"

"For what?" I asked, unable to surmise what was coming.

"I know I'm as bad as if I'd committed a murder," she replied, "but I did not kill him with my own hands. I knew that he had gone to town to make a will that would disinherit me, and it made me hate him and Ross both. He rode a fiery horse, and I made up my mind to frighten it, hoping, I confess, that it would throw him off, and I didn't care if it killed him. So, I went out the road, in the evening, to wait for him. I knew he generally got home by about nine o'clock, when he went to town, and I knew what time to go. I took a white sheet with me, and when I heard him coming, I wrapped it around me, and as he rode near, I ran suddenly across the road, directly in front of the horse. The animal was frightened, as I had expected, and instantly whirled and ran away, while my father was thrown violently to the ground, his head striking the loose round stone that was found near by. He did not move afterward, and I took the will from his pocket and hurried home. I was foolish enough to think I ought to preserve it, and it has exposed my crime. It looks like a judgment."

Justice to the innocent compelled me to have Lucy Edwards taken into custody so soon as I had heard her astounding story.

She repeated the confession she had made to me, and the people were a second time amazed.

Ross' neighbors, who had refused to recognize him since his release from prison, and who had even talked of ordering him to leave the community, now hastened to take him by the hand, and say that they had never believed him guilty, and had constantly predicted that time would bring his vindication.

Ross was soon placed in possession of his fortune, but he was so generous as to make every effort to obtain the release of his unnatural cousin, saying he was determined to provide so liberally for her that she should not miss the estate she had so justly forfeited.

The singular girl, however, who seemed a strange mixture of cunning and stupidity, once more astonished everybody by escaping from jail, one night, after which she set fire to the old homestead—but it was happily extinguished in good time—then disappeared from the neighborhood, and was never heard from again.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

	Depart, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Dest'on.
New York Ex daily	9:40A.M.	5:30A.M.	7:20P.M.
New York Ex daily	9:50P.M.	5:00P.M.	6:50A.M.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 minutes slow.

Louisville Ex daily	5:55A.M.	6:40P.M.	10:20A.M.
Louisville (ex Sun)	3:05P.M.	12:15P.M.	7:15P.M.
Louisville (daily)	7:00P.M.	5:15A.M.	11:30P.M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Park'b'g (ex Sun)	8:35A.M.	2:30P.M.	5:00P.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily	8:30P.M.	5:25A.M.	3:30A.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily	11:10P.M.	7:10P.M.	6:50A.M.
Chillicothe Ac	4:30P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:00P.M.
Hillsboro Ac	3:30P.M.	9:30A.M.	6:42P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:15A.M.	6:40A.M.	12:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	5:10P.M.	7:55A.M.	6:35P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:30P.M.	5:15P.M.	7:50P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore (ex Sun)	8:35A.M.	5:35A.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore, daily	8:30P.M.	2:30P.M.	6:00P.M.
Baltimore Ex daily	11:10P.M.	6:00P.M.	10:25P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.

Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex daily	7:15A.M.	5:15A.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore Ex	7:05P.M.	6:50P.M.	10:25P.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

St. Louis Mail	6:30A.M.	10:30P.M.	10:30P.M.
St. Louis Ex	8:10A.M.	7:45P.M.	7:25P.M.
St. Louis Ex daily	7:25P.M.	8:10A.M.	8:15A.M.
Louisville Mail	6:30A.M.	1:10P.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex	8:10A.M.	8:10A.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex daily Except Sunday	2:15P.M.	7:45P.M.	8:10P.M.
Louisville Ex daily	7:25P.M.	8:10A.M.	12:45A.M.
Osgood Ac	5:15P.M.	7:55A.M.	8:23P.M.
Aurora Ac Sunday only	8:30A.M.	6:15P.M.	9:45A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.

Depot—Fifth and Hoadly. Time—7 minutes fast.

Dayton Ex. daily	9:40A.M.	5:00P.M.	11:55A.M.
Dayton Ex. daily	9:50P.M.	5:30A.M.	12:03A.M.
Toledo Ex	7:10A.M.	10:25P.M.	4:20P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily	9:50P.M.	5:30A.M.	6:25A.M.
Toledo Ac	2:30P.M.	3:55P.M.	11:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac	7:30A.M.	1:25P.M.	12:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac	1:40P.M.	12:01A.M.	6:45P.M.
Indianapolis (ex Sat)	7:00P.M.	12:55P.M.	6:35P.M.
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	12:55P.M.	7:40P.M.
Connersville Ac	4:30P.M.	9:40A.M.	7:35P.M.
Chicago Ex	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	8:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:40A.M.
Dayton Ac	5:30P.M.	9:10A.M.	7:55P.M.
Hamilton Ac	9:15A.M.	10:55P.M.	10:25A.M.
Hamilton Ac	6:25P.M.	7:50A.M.	7:45P.M.
Hamilton Ac	11:30P.M.	6:45A.M.	12:45A.M.
Hamilton Ac	4:20P.M.	7:10P.M.	5:30P.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Indianapolis Ac	7:30A.M.	10:30P.M.	12:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac	1:10P.M.	12:30A.M.	6:01A.M.
Indianapolis (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:55P.M.	12:45P.M.
Connersville Ac	4:20P.M.	9:10A.M.	7:15P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Chicago Ex	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	8:40P.M.
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	12:55P.M.	7:30P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:40A.M.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Grand Rapids Ac	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	9:35P.M.
Grand Rap'ds ex Sat.	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	10:00A.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Boston Ex	7:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:50P.M.
Cleveland Ex	10:50A.M.	9:30P.M.	9:55P.M.
New York Ex daily	9:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac	8:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac	3:35P.M.	9:30A.M.	7:25P.M.
Dayton Ac	5:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	8:25P.M.
Sharon Ac	6:40P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:30P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex	7:00A.M.	9:30P.M.	11:45A.M.
Columbus Ex	10:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	3:55P.M.
Columbus Ac	3:10P.M.	9:30P.M.	10:10P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Sandusky Ex	8:50A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:40P.M.
Bellefontaine Ac	3:45P.M.	9:45A.M.	9:20P.M.
Sandusky Ex daily	9:00P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:30A.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Indianapolis Mail	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	12:35P.M.
Lafayette Mail	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	3:30P.M.
Chicago Ex	7:45A.M.	10:55P.M.	8:30P.M.
St. Louis Mail	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	10:30P.M.
Evansville Mail	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	8:55P.M.
Cairo Mail	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	3:00A.M.
Martinsville Ac	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	8:15P.M.
Indianapolis Ex	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	6:35P.M.
Lafayette Ex	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	9:25P.M.
Peoria Ex	2:10P.M.	8:45A.M.	3:30A.M.
Quincy Ex	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	9:15A.M.
Kansas City Ex	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:45P.M.
Ind. Fast Line daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	11:10P.M.
Lafayette F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:15A.M.	2:30A.M.
Chicago F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	7:15A.M.
St. Louis F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:05A.M.	7:35A.M.
Peoria Fast Line	7:00P.M.	10:55P.M.	9:40A.M.
Quincy Fast Line	7:00P.M.	9:40P.M.	1:30P.M.
Kansas City F. L.	7:00P.M.	9:10P.M.	1:10A.M.
Greensburg Ac	3:30P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:40P.M.
Lawrenceburg	6:10P.M.	8:30A.M.	7:38P.M.
Valley Junction	10:50P.M.	6:50A.M.	11:55P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:30A.M.	1:45P.M.	11:15A.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Cambridge City Ac.	7:00A.M.	6:53P.M.	11:58A.M.
Hagerstown Ac	4:45P.M.	9:30A.M.	9:20P.M.
Connersville Ac	7:00A.M.	9:30A.M.	10:22A.M.
Connersville Ac	4:45P.M.	6:53P.M.	8:22P.M.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

Depot, 8th and Washington, Covington. City time.

Nicholasville Ex	7:00A.M.	6:30P.M.	12:35P.M.
Nicholasville Ac	2:00P.M.	11:30A.M.	8:10P.M.
Nicholasville Mix'd.	7:30P.M.	4:30A.M.	6:00A.M.
Falmouth Ac	4:00P.M.	9:30A.M.	6:30P.M.

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE EAST.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

New York Ex daily	7:45A.M.	2:50P.M.	10:35A.M.
New York Ex	1:30P.M.	6:50P.M.	6:35P.M.
New York Ex daily	7:05P.M.	5:15A.M.	9:15P.M.
Zanesville Ac	10:00A.M.	8:00P.M.	5:40P.M.
Springfield Ac	4:10P.M.	10:15A.M.	8:00P.M.
Morrow Ac	5:20P.M.	8:40A.M.	7:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	12:00P.M.	7:35P.M.	1:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:25P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:45P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:00P.M.	7:45A.M.	12:45A.M.

The 7:45 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church train leaves Loveland Sundays at 9 A. M., and returning leaves Cincinnati at 2 P. M.